

Staffordshire

A sort of hurricane was crossing now
from the mouth of a cave
near the village
in the hillside
and with cold like ruined cocoa
we did our best to keep from chill
and regret
and moved ever eager
past this strange final crevasse
and deep to the place we'd first found the metal,
weeks ago
by accident
by definition.
No one questions the large dead dark here,
because we each know its secrets
are coming
and closely,
and we just need a final trail
away from the outside
to the inside
and beyonde.